

The Saturday Evening Post

WHOLE NO. 102.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO MARY.

Ab! Mary, why art thou so sweet,
Upon thy gentle brow so fair?
Could I, sweet girl, but banish it,
No longer should it linger there.
And much it pains my heart to view,
That silent tear upon thy cheek;
That soft, expressive languor too,
Alone of sorrow seems to speak.
But banish it—banish it not;
Dropt it once that hazy gleam;
Each painful thought from memory blot,
And let a smile thy brow reveal.
Yet why art thou in this sweet mood?
Thy little varying senses of care?
Say, need I tell—sure Mary knows,
I would her every sorrow share.
Then banish each despairing thought,
Let joy inspire thy heart again;
Nor dream, by recollection fraught,
Renew one deep, intruding pain.
For oft 'tis said, that friendship may
Bestow a share of softest kind—
Can wipe the trembling tear away,
And hush the tumult of the mind.
Ah! then, dear girl, let me suppress
Each anxious thought, or rising fear,
And with sweet Friendship's kind cares,
Break off that sad, protracted tear.

ELLEN.

TO "ELLEN."

Say, who art thou that sing'st so sweet,
When life's rude tempests sweep the air,
Of joyous "home," and charms that meet,
When sweet contentment sits smiling there?
Art thou some sweet, sequestered maid,
Blossoming unscathed in a leafy bower;
In some lone copse-wood's sacred shade,
Where sorrow's awful storms never lower?
Oh! lead me to that peaceful dell,
And let me worship at thy shrine;
And listen, whilst my harp shall tell
Of rapturous joys no longer mine.
For, palled in this peaceful breast,
My aching heart would find repose;
And smiles would play, where rudely press
We're erst the footstep of my woes.
I love thy strain for it doth pour
The balm of feeling on the smart;
That thought of home, and joys no more,
Have foster'd in my wounded heart!
It minds me of the days long flown,
No bright with joys in memory's store,
Ere youth was left an idle rove,
The bliss of home to have no more.
Then lead me to thy peaceful dell,
And let me worship at thy shrine;
And listen, whilst my harp shall tell
Of sorrows then no longer mine.

WILFRED.

STANZAS.

In the fair bowers of Pleasure once fondly I rove'd,
When the sun of life's morning beam'd brightly and gay,
And I thought that the scenes which my youthful heart lov'd,
Drawn by Fancy's rich pencil, would never fade away;
Each flow' that grew round me, each bird that I lov'd,
And with rapture unceasing inhaled its perfume;
With soft love-breathing music my senses were fill'd,
And Hope's visions enchanting my dreams did illumine.
But, alas! disappointment's dark clouds have o'ercast,
The sky that in youth seem'd so bright and so fair,
And sorrow's fell storms, and affliction's keen blast,
Have effaced the bright tints that once lovely glow'd there.
Oh! full often the pang of regret hath arise,
When memory reverted to life's early hours;
And the current of life is with agony flow'd,
When I gaze on the tempest that o'er the hours.
Ah! I feel that contentment I never can know,
Until "hearth the green turf my couch shall repose—
Until, mark'd from the cares of this vale below,
And relieved from the pressure of earthly woes,
My spirit untrammell'd and freed from its clay,
On pinions more soft than the wings of the dove,
Soars aloft to the regions of bliss, endless day,
Where all dwell in happiness, bliss and serene love.
Philadelphia, August 30, 1824.

GANEM.

"We cannot show the General too much regard."

Vide W.

LA FAYETTE.

Ah! who is this that claims the sigh,
To gratitude and memory dear?
Who would with joy the public eye,
And starts to life the latent tear?
'Tis La Fayette! pride of the age,
And votary of Columbia's laws!
'Tis La Fayette! heroic sage,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause!
The youthful Chief, whose mighty mind
Appell'd danger's strike in vain,
Now hoary grown, will ever find
His presence welcom'd o'er again.
Ten thousand fervent all rejoice,
And welcome La Fayette o'er and o'er;
A nation's sons await his voice,
To lead him round our happy shore.
Him, he who left his native land,
And bled, at Columbia's side,
Sought from afar the martial band
Of his beloved Washington.
Him, he who fled from London, now,
And all the joys that wealth procure,
Chose glorious war, in lieu of peace,
Where patriot's valiant bands endure.
In La Fayette, heroic sage,
Columbia's friend will ever be found,
Let careful wreaths adorn his page,
Triumphal arches raise around.
Let memory our excitation wear,
And independence never forget,
Whilst gratitude shall drop a tear,
And mind us still of La Fayette.

BRANDYWINE BARD.

ACROSTIC.

Let Kings acquire a martial name,
And nobles boast of famous fame—
Form'd deeds in public lie;
And lay their own neglected by;
Yet here a hero, who alone,
Expects no laurels but his own,
Turns not the long cloud of glory page,
To seek chivalric deeds of arms;
Reverend of annals sage.

BRANDYWINE BARD.

THE MORALIST.

HUMAN LIFE.

"We have the lingering moments in speed,
To hurry us into eternity."

Calculations have been made to ascertain the number of inhabitants on this globe, and thence to deduce the number of those who die in any given time. The general computation stands thus,

In Asia	650 millions,
In Africa	150
In America	150
In Europe	130

1080

In all one thousand and four score millions. If then we suppose, for the sake of a round number, that the Earth is inhabited by one thousand millions of men, or thereabout, and that thirty three years make a generation, it follows, that in that space of time, there die out one thousand millions. Then the number of deaths each year amounts to 30,000,000—each day to 82,000, and each hour to 3,416.—This computation I suspect is under the truth, yet it shows us with what impetuosity the tide of human life goes out—how rapidly our hours and minutes flee—and that our life is but a vapor which continueth for a moment.

To our young Readers let the whole of this essay be dedicated. Therefore, we entreat them to observe, that Youth is the proper season for cultivating the benevolent and humane affections.

As a great part of your happiness is to depend on the connections which you form with others, it is of the highest importance that you acquire in early life the temper and the manner which will render such connections comfortable. Let a sense of justice be the foundation of all your social qualities; in your early intercourse with the world, and even in your youthful amusements, let no obliquity or unfairness be found; Engrave on your minds that sacred rule of "doing in all things to others, according as you wish that they should do unto you." For this end, impress upon your minds a deep sense of the original and natural equality of men. Whatever advantages of birth or fortune you possess, never display them with an ostentatious superiority.—Leave the subordination of rank, to regulate the intercourse of more advanced years. At present it becomes you to act among your companions as man with man. Remember, how unkind to you are the vicissitudes of the world; and how often they, on whom ignorant and contemptuous men have looked down with scorn, have risen to be their superiors in future years. Graceful in youth is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. Let not ease and indulgence contract your affections, and wrap you up in selfish enjoyment. Accustom yourselves to think of the distress of human life, of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan! Never sport with pain and distress, in any of your amusements; or treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.—For He who formed them, created you—He who endowed them with an instinct for self-preservation, gave you the gift of reason—and to the gift attached a high degree of responsibility.—In a word, learn early to deal justly, to love mercy—and to walk humbly with your God; then his goodness and mercy will accompany you all the days of your life, and you will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Death is emphatically the King of terrors. No one, however callous and hardened, can contemplate its approach without feelings of the most profound awe. The miscreant whose bloody hand neither the majesty of the laws, nor the fear of condign punishment can restrain, when brought before the scaffold and the gallows, feels, and will shrink with horror at the terrific sight. But this feeling is experienced also by persons of an opposite character. The just and the virtuous who should have nothing to fear beyond the grave, still fear to die. Even the Christian who can look forward unto eternity, and know that he there has a house not made with hands, appears anxious to exchange these tattered rags for a robe of unfading glory beyond the skies; but as he approaches the swelling Jordan, and views its foaming billows, he feels an instinctive reluctance to pass. The same feeling pervades the bosom with regard to our friends. We can look around and daily see one and another consigned to the silent tomb, and view it only as the curse entailed for man's disobedience, that "brought death into the world and all our woe." But when the stern messenger comes to our home and our fireside, and lays his chilling hand upon a dear relative, the boast and ornament of affectionate, but unsuspecting friends, the mind is filled with awe, the senses are astounded, and the wondering eyes look on the cold and lifeless corpse with amazement and surprise. It is impossible to undergo such a trial as this without giving vent to the feelings. The tender bosom will not stifle its sorrow, and the bravest heart cannot suppress its anguish. Philosophy may enable us to bear up under the heavy load, and religion may administer the balm of consolation to the bleeding wound, but still there remains a vacuum in the mind, which the various occupations of life are but illy adapted to supply.

These remarks were occasioned by the recent but sudden departure of a very near and dear friend. She was snatch'd away in the prime of life, in the bloom of youth, from the bosom of an affectionate family, who was left to mourn her untimely end. Distracted relatives and weeping friends followed her to the tomb; sorrow reposed her in the grave; and when the mourners took the last sad look, nature true to herself heaved the voluntary sigh, and bursting tears bespoke the turbulent bosom. Now the summer ivy may twine its luxuriant branches around that sequestered spot, and the chilling blast of winter may blow over her devoted head, but she shall not rise until the morning of the resurrection. Sic transit gloria mundi. But oh! ye guardian angels, watch and protect her sleeping ashes till that eventful day, and then bring her forth purified and refined, "To stand before the host of heaven confess'd, Forever blessing, and forever blest'd."

W. C. B.

Passions.—The passions are the gales of life; and it is our part to take care they do not rise into a tempest.

We ought to refrain from every action during the moments of passion, because it is always imprudent to put to sea during a storm.

HINTS TO MEN OF BUSINESS.

Superintendent in person as much of your business as practicable, and observe with a watchful eye the management of what is necessarily committed to the agency of others.

Never lose sight of the powerful influence of example, and be careful in the management of your concerns to recommend, by your own personal practice, uniform habits of active, interested and persevering diligence to those in your employ.

Be prompt and explicit in your instructions to your agents, and let it be understood by them that you expect they will execute the same in strict conformity thereto.

Let no common amusements interfere or mingle with your business; make them entirely distinct employments.

Despatch at once, if possible, whatever you take in hand; if interrupted by unavoidable interference, resume and finish it as soon as the obstruction is removed.

Beware of self-indulgence, no business can possibly thrive under the shade of its influence.

Do not assume to yourself more credit for what you do, than you are entitled to, rather be content with a little less; the public mind will always discover where merit is due.

Familiarize yourself with your books, keep them accurately, and frequently investigate and adjust their contents. This is an important item.

Cultivate domestic habits, for this your family, if you have one, has a strong and undeniable claim; besides your customers will always be better pleased when they find you at home or at the place of your business.

Under the influence of such hints as these with a suitable dependence on the God of Providence for a blessing on the labor of your hands, you will have a good foundation to rest your hope upon, for success in whatever business you may be employed in.

Never let hurry or confusion distract your mind or dispossess you of self-command.

MAXIMS.

If you intend to drink much after dinner never drink much at dinner, and particularly avoid mixing wines. If you begin with Sauterne, for example, stick to Sauterne, though, on the whole, red wines are best. Avoid malt liquor most cautiously, for nothing is so apt to get into the head, unawares or what is almost as bad, to fill the stomach with wind. Champagne, on the latter account, is bad. Port, three glasses at dinner—Claret, three bottles after—behold the fair proportion, and use the most excellent wines.

It is laid down in fashionable life, that you must drink champagne after white cheese—water after red. This is mere nonsense. The best thing to be drunk after cheese, is strong ale, for the taste is more coherent. We should always take our ideas of these things from the most constant practitioners. Now, you never heard of a drayman, who lives almost entirely on bread and cheese, thinking of washing it down with water, far less with champagne. He knows what is better.

A punster, during dinner, is a most inconvenient animal. He should, therefore, be immediately dismissed. The act of dismissing a punster is this: pretend to be deaf and after he has committed his pun, and just before he expects people to laugh at it, beg his pardon, and request him to repeat it again. After you have made him do this three times, say O! that is a pun, I believe; I never knew a punster venture a third exhibition under similar treatment. It requires a little nicety, so as to make him repeat it in proper time.—If well done, the company laugh at the punster and then he is ruined forever.

A fine singer, after dinner, is a still greater bore, for he stops the wine. This we pardon in a slang or drinking song, for such things serve as a shooing horn to draw on more bottles by jollifying your host, so that though the supply may be slow, it is more copious in the end; but a fine singer only serves to put people in mind of tea. You therefore not only lose the circulation of the bottle while he is getting through his crochets and quavers, but he actually tends to cut off the final supply. He, then, is by all means to be discouraged. These fellows are always most insufferably conceited, so that it is not very easy to keep them down—but it is possible, nevertheless. One of the best rules is, as soon as he has sung the first verse, and while he is taking breath for the second, applaud him most vociferously, as if all was over; and say to the gentleman farthest from you at table, that you admire the conclusion of this song very much. It is ten to one, but his musical pride will take affront, and he will refuse to sing any more, saying or muttering something savage about your want of taste or politeness; for that, of course, you will not care three straws, having extinguished him. If the company press him to go on, you are safe, but he will then decidedly grow restive to show his importance, and you will escape his songs for the rest of the evening.

Or—after he has really done, and in sticking in the bravo of the people at table, stretch across to him, and say—You sung that very well, Mr. —, a very well indeed—but did you not (laying a most decided emphasis on the *not*) did you not hear Mr. Inckledon, or Mr. Braham, or any body else whom you think most annoying to him) sing in some play, or pantomime, or something? When he answers no, in a pert, snappish style, for all these people are asses, resume your most erect posture, and say quite audibly to your next neighbor—So I thought. This twice repeated is a dose.

ON MODERATION.

Moderation is essentially necessary in all pursuits. He who exceeds its bounds will only overwhelm himself in perdition. For what are all the superfluities of life? These, instead of affording pleasure, too oft embitter the sweets we hoped to enjoy. View the libertine! What disquietude and wild disorder lurks within his breast! His meagre and pale countenance is enough to convince you of the disorders he labours under: he seeks only to gratify his desires and makes himself subservient to his unruly passions. Thus is his life a scene of misery and horror. Excess in anything is pernicious and productive of fatal consequences; whereas moderation yields us unspeakable satisfaction, and is most salutary. In short, intemperance ruins the constitution, destroys the faculties both of the body and mind, and perpetuates our sorrow and disquiet.

In the reign of King Charles II. Scroggs, that infamous chief-justice of the King's Bench, and all the other judges, declared under their hands, "That to print or publish any news book, or pamphlet of news whatsoever, is illegal; that it is a manifest intent to the breach of the peace, and they may be proceeded against by law for an illegal thing."

A VILLAGE TALE.

[SELECTED.]

Situated in a delightful hollow, surrounded on the east and west side by stupendous and lofty hills, lies a beautiful village, a few miles from New York. The traveler, on approaching this romantic place, is delighted with the surrounding objects that strike his sight. As far as the eye can reach, he beholds a charming country, interspersed with hills and valleys, with rising villages springing up on their summits, or located at their base, and with purling streams meandering through dark forests which stretch beyond, emptying into the small lakes, which sparkle in little billows at a distance. The towering steeples of the churches in every direction, present their white spires above the tall trees, which these miniature inland islands have left to ornament the landscape. The inhabitants, which are destined perhaps, at some future period of the world, to be the abode of philosophers and statesmen, heroes and sages, and emporiums of wealth and commerce from the benefits of our artificial Mediterranean sea, which winds its course through the country. Contentment seems to pervade the bosoms of the enterprising inhabitants around, and undisturbed by the bustle of larger places, uninterrupted tranquility generally reigns. Through this romantic hollow, runs the great turnpike from Albany to Buffalo; the beautiful village alluded to, lies its sides through the valley, presenting the taste of architecture; from the rude log house to the splendid mansion.

It was in the summer of eighteen hundred and —, that a stranger came to reside in this village for a short time: his appearance was such that carried with it the character of one who had seen the world; his conversation denoted a mind stored with intelligence; accomplished in his manners, his carriage was easy, polite and affable to every one, whom chance threw in his way, his pleasing manner, together with his address, soon attracted the notice of the young society in the vicinity. Limited, however, as society generally is, in such places, frequent balls and parties of the young people took place. It was at one of these young people took place. His attention and flattering addresses, pleased and fascinated her. She was the pride of her parents, and an only daughter, on whom they lavished every expense which a boarding school education required. She was truly the loveliest of the fair, and one on whom nature had bestowed with art every thing that is calculated to adorn a female. An only brother, whose pride was wound up with that of his sister's, at this period was absent; and she had no protector or keen observer of the wolf in sheep's clothing, who, with an eagle eye was watching his unsuspecting sister. Her frequent interviews with the stranger at balls and parties, and his attention bestowed on her, led to repeated calls at her father's house, where he was seemingly received by her parents in a friendly manner.—Being of a lively turn, his company was particularly agreeable to her, and in a short time acquaintance ripened into a more tender feeling. Aware, however, of getting her parents' consent in marriage, the stranger had palmed himself upon them and the public as a gentleman of fortune and respectability, whose connections lived in New England, and was daily in expectation of receiving remittances from them. By all the arts which a consummate villain could invent, he ingratiated himself as much as possible into the good graces of the parents, until at length he determined on making an application for uniting with their daughter. He had previously, however, obtained from the fair Eliza her consent, and flattered himself that his prize was secure. His application, however, was refused, and the villain's plans frustrated. Stung with resentment, he now left the place, and took his residence in another county, where secretly a correspondence was kept up between her and himself; and through the agency of some friend, whom his consummate art had duped, an arrangement was made for her to elope from her parents and be united. Accordingly he made his appearance, and took her from her dwelling at midnight, to a neighboring village where they were united in the holy bands of wedlock. The next morning her parents finding that she was missing, immediately took measures to pursue, and if possible, to prevent what they too truly imagined would be the result. They were found and she was entreated to return home; but she totally refused unless her husband was allowed to accompany her. This was objected to, and with tears she bid her adieu. She accompanied her husband to a neighboring county, placing implicit reliance on his honor. But alas! she was yet to learn the true character of the man she had thus rashly committed herself with.

Her brother, who had been absent, returned about this time, and was made acquainted with the circumstances of her elopement. Rage and indignation filled his bosom; and he trembled for the fate of his sister. He denounced vengeance against the villain, who had by intrigue seduced her from the bosom of her parents, and regretted that she, whom he so tenderly loved, should so far deviate from the strict rules of propriety, as to consent to a clandestine marriage with a person whom no one knew. Inquiries were immediately set on foot, to ascertain his true character: when it was soon found, that he was a married man, with a wife living in the southern states. Measures were taken to apprehend him, but he eluded his pursuers, and fled to Canada, leaving her whom he had so solemnly pledged to protect and support, to mourn the seducing wiles of the villain man. Abandoned by her husband, she returned to that home, which but a few weeks before, at the dead hour of the night, she had forsaken, with high expectations of enjoying happiness with the man of her choice.

The whole village felt for this interesting fair one, who had by one inconsiderate act, overstepped the bounds of reason, and planted a thorn in her breast, which the lapse of time could not remove. By the hand of a wretch made miserable, her tears were unable to wash away the blot, which in the eyes of the world sullied her character, otherwise in every other respect bright and unimpaired.

This drooping flower of the village, on her prospects in life being blighted by a wretch, who thus deceived her, declined gradually, until she sunk into the grave, a victim of inconsolation and rashness in forsaking her parents, whose aching hearts and mournful looks evinced the anguish of their feelings, on beholding their hopes and expectations crushed by the conduct of her they had so fondly loved, nourished and cherished. Her despicable deceiver has as yet escaped the merit of punishment of an infamous act. But the justice of heaven will not suffer to escape a murderer, worse than the midnight assassin or the bold and daring desperado.

HINTS TO THE LADIES.

Words are the body and dress of thought; and the woman that simper and smiles when she should resent the culpable freedom of speech in a bold man, renders questionable the purity of her heart. The woman that depreciates her husband, still more depreciates herself; for if a woman would have the world respect her husband, she ought to set the example. A good woman's prospect of happiness with a good man reaches into eternity.

COLLECTANEA.

Capt. Cochrane, in his *Travels to Shantou*, gives the following remarkable anecdote of a male taciturnity.

"At Yakutsk, I passed my time in the evening, with a party of the natives, male and female, at the house of the chief; the ladies to all appearance were dumb, not daring to utter a word, and solely employed in cracking their nuts, a very small species of the cedar nut. I am not exaggerating when I say that half a dozen females would sit down and consume each many hundreds of those nuts, and quit the house without having spoken a word—unless a stolen one—in that it should be heard."

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

In the course of the seven years' war, when Frederick and his army lay in the lines of the Austrian army, it became necessary to call to his assistance a regiment of grenadiers from that division commanded by the king's brother. The colonel and his regiment were in the highest reputation, for bravery was ever willing to improve, always on the alert, was ever willing to improve in the science of command and acquire a true knowledge of mankind. The evening after the arrival of this regiment, Frederick procured a grenadier's uniform complete, and immediately repaired to an inn, where the sergeants of the new arrived regiment were regaling themselves. On his arrival, he immediately introduced himself to the most important among them, and after a glass of wine and the usual compliments, the new sergeant invites Fritz to take a glass of Yunker; Fritz, always willing to accommodate, agreed; but unfortunately for his new acquaintance, Frederick beat him two to one. At length the time to retire to quarters arrived—the landlord is called and the reckoning cancelled. The new sergeant is a Dutch dollar in debt, and without cash to pay. Frederick generously offers to lend his new acquaintance the money—Oh no, replied the sergeant, I will pledge my sword; and in two days we receive pay, when I will redeem it. Well, says Frederick, but how are you to pass parade? Oh, replied the other, I have another handle just like it, in my kit, and with a wooden blade, it supplies the want, as we are seldom required to draw on parade duty. Well, well, says Fritz.

On the following morning, the king ordered a grand parade, and the new colonel is to command and perform some new manoeuvre lately practised by his brother. An understanding is had with the colonel, and a grand mistake or blunder is made, just as the king and suite enter the field.—The king, in a great rage, enquires the cause of so great disorder in the columns. Finding the new colonel wholly to blame, immediately ordered him to be arrested, and tried. Being found guilty, the king ordered his head to be struck off by a sabre at one blow, and the same sergeant with whom he had spent the previous evening to be the executioner.

All remonstrance proving in vain, the sergeant, on his knees, implored the king to extend his mercy, recounting his many exploits and distinguished bravery in his brother's army—but in vain.

The sergeant coming up to the poor victim, with great coolness and ferocity, prayed that "the Lord would turn his sword into wood"—drawing, it was wood, to the great astonishment of all but the king, who immediately restored the colonel, and promoted the sergeant.

Gifted Family.—There is at present residing near Versailles, a retired subaltern officer, who accompanied Napoleon in most of his wars, who is the father of nine children, and those nine children, born in nine different countries, speak, nearly as many different languages or idioms.—His wife was an Italian, whom he married in Italy on the first invasion of that country by the French. The first child, Marie, was born at Milan, and speaks Italian, the language of her mother. His second, Guillaume, saw the light in Switzerland, His third, called Ali, came into the world in Egypt, and speaks, on occasion, a kind of Coptic. His fourth child was born at Boulogne-sur-Mer when Bonaparte threatened a descent on England from that port. His fifth child was born in Germany and speaks German. His sixth is a Neapolitan, and is consequently called Genaro, or Januario. His seventh is a little Spaniard, called Diego, who has not forgotten the language of his infancy. His eighth is a little Prussian, of the name of Frederick; and his ninth Mademoiselle Nicholas, first saw light in the Island of Elba. The eldest of these children is said to be 28, the youngest eight. The mother is dead. These nine children still reside under the paternal roof, and render the house something like a tower of Babel.

Lord Mansfield was very desirous of long life, and whenever he had an old man to examine, he generally asked what his habits of living had been. To this interrogatory an aged person replied, that he had never been drunk in his life. "See, gentlemen, said his lordship turning to the young barristers, 'what temperance will do.' The next of equally venerable appearance, gave a very different account of himself, he had not gone to bed sober for fifty years. See my Lord, said a young barrister, what a social glass will do. 'Well gentlemen, replied his Lordship it only proves that some sorts of timber keep better when they are wet, and others when they are dry.'

A man who forgot his own name.—It is a fact, known to many persons in this city, that some years since, a highly respectable and well educated citizen of a Southern city called at our post-office and said, "have you got any letters for me?" "What is your name, sir," said the clerk. The gentleman raised his left finger to his nose, looked grave and said, "I will tell you directly," and turned on his heel out of the office. A few yards from the post-office he met a friend who said, "How do you do, Mr. —?" "That's it," said the gentleman, and returned to the office, told his name, and obtained his letters.

A Rat Trap.—A Trap that is much recommended for catching Rats, is made as follows: take a barrel, or keg, with one head out, put in it water enough to cover the bottom about two inches deep; in the middle of this set a piece of brick or stone; cover the head of the cask with a piece of smooth parchment; or, perhaps, smooth stiff paper will answer; in the centre of this, cut two slits about six inches long, at right angles, so as to form a cross; immediately over this, suspend the best kind of cheese for rats, placed sufficiently high.

When the rat comes to take the bait, in reaching up to it, he slips into the hole, by the four corners of the parchment or paper giving way.—He then gets upon the brick in the middle of the water, and begins to utter cries of distress. This brings others to him, who fall in the same manner. Presently they begin to fight for the possession of the brick, and the noise of this brings others who fall in like manner; and thus, all within the ring of this scene of confusion follow on and the same fate.

WELCOME LAFAYETTE.

He comes—the conquering hero—
To show the land he fought to save;
From tyranny and chains;
All hail! then gallant Lafayette!
Thy son of glory never shall set,
Nor e'er expire, thy fame.

Thrice welcome to our happy shore,
Where tyranny is known no more;
But all are equal, free,
When blood and carnage fill'd our land,
Twas then, that thou, by heart and hand,
Didst win our love to thee.

And shall we e'er thy name forget,
Or cease to honour Lafayette,
Our country's tried friend?
No—never, never, shall it be,
We e'er will cease to honour thee
Till time itself shall end.

ALEXIS.

LINES.

PRESENTED (IN A WRATH OF FLOWERS)
TO GEN. LA FAYETTE, ON HIS ARRIVAL ON
THE COMMON AT BOSTON, BY A LITTLE GIRL.

An infant hand presents these blushing flowers,
Glowing and pure as childhood's artless hours,
When roses bloom and buds of promise smile,
Repaying with their charms the culturer's toil.

Oh! take them, FATHER,—they were cul'd for
you;
(Still bright with warm affection's sacred dew,
Oh! let them live in thy benignant smile,
And e'er thy brow of glory bloom awhile,
Twin'd with the laurel fame on thee bestow'd,
When thy young heart with patriot ardor glow'd.)

Self-aid from the charms of wealth and love,
And home and friends, thou didst our champion
prove,
And, by the side of glorious WASHINGTON,
Didst make our grateful country all thine own.

Go, fragile offering, speak the ardent joy
Our bosoms feel, which time can ne'er destroy!

A LIST OF GENERAL OFFICERS, In the Revolutionary Army, in 1781, agreeably to rank.

George Washington, Commander in Chief.

MAJOR GENERALS.

Israel Putnam—Connecticut.
Charles Lee—Virginia.
Horatio Gates, do.
William Heath—Massachusetts.
Nathaniel Green—Rhode Island.
William Alexander, Earl of Stirling—Jersey.
Arthur St. Clair—Pennsylvania.
Benjamin Lincoln—Massachusetts.
Marquis de La Fayette—France.
Baron de Kalb, do.
Robert Howe—North Carolina.
Alexander McDougall—New York.
Baron Steuben—Prussia.
William Smallwood—Maryland.
Samuel Parsons—Connecticut.
Henry Knox—Massachusetts.
Dumouriez, of Engineers—France.

BRIGADIER GENERALS.

William Thompson—Virginia.
John Nixon—Massachusetts.
James Clinton—New York.
William Moultrie—South Carolina.
Laughlin McIntosh—North Carolina.
William Maxwell—Jersey.
Ruech Poor—New Hampshire.
John Glover—Massachusetts.
John Paterson—Connecticut.
Anthony Wayne—Pennsylvania.
William Woodford—Virginia.
Peter Muhlenburg, do.
Edward Hand—Pennsylvania.
Jedediah Huntington—Connecticut.
John Stark—New Hampshire.
Mordecai Gist—Maryland.
William Kriss—Pennsylvania.

Promoted after that period.

Daniel Morgan—Virginia.
Sumpter—South Carolina.
Macon, do.
Joseph Greston—Massachusetts.
Harris Putnam, do.
Otho Williams—Maryland.

* Charles Lee, suspended for one year by sentence of a Court Martial, for charges exhibited against him by General Washington, at the battle of Monmouth, in June 29, 1778; but his pride would not suffer him to resume his command at the expiration of his sentence—withstanding, he was still retained on the list of general officers until his death, which happened in Philadelphia in 1782. His funeral was attended by the President of Congress and Members, French Minister, and a vast number of the most respectable gentlemen of that city.

THE EAST INDIES.—A war has broken out between the British in the East Indies and the Burman Empire, and letters from Calcutta induce a belief that it will be one of some magnitude. The Governor General views the matter in a serious light, and has issued a manifesto, reciting the provocations received at full length. The advance state, that after the defeat of a body of Burmese and Assamese by a detachment of native troops, under Major Newton, that officer's party had been overpowered by a superior body of the enemy and driven back with some loss. The Governor General had, in consequence, directed that vessels should be at Malacca and Calcutta for the conveyance of troops to the frontiers of Ava, and it was supposed that the force brought into the field to act against the Burmese would exceed 25,000 men; a force which it was thought would put down any the enemy could bring against it. All articles of commerce were very dull at Calcutta, at date of these advices. The Burman Empire (says the Times) as it is called by geographers, extends along the eastern shore of the Bay of Bengal, of which the western side forms part of the British dominions, and is not less than 1000 or 1100 miles long by upwards of 600 broad. This great country fills up, in one direction, the intervals between the Chinese empire and Bengal, being on the south-west frontier of the former, and on the east and north-east of the latter. Its population has been stated by Col. Symmes at 17,000,000, by a later authority, at half that amount. A mean between them will be about 12 or 13 millions of inhabitants, of whom all the males are, by the laws of the country, obliged to bear arms when called upon. The English had a dispute with the Court of Ava in 1793, respecting some Burmese robbers, who had taken refuge at Chittagong; but though General Erskine was sent with a military force from Calcutta to repel the invasion of the Burmese, the quarrel was settled, and the delinquents given up, without any actual hostility. If the manifesto of the Indian Government may be believed, some design of aggression upon the Company's empire has been maturing by the king of Ava for a considerable time, and has been preserved in with much determination, in spite of our remonstrances. The hostile acts have, it seems, been multiplied along the whole line of our eastern frontier, from the island of Sumatra, where a post of British Seaboy was attacked and destroyed, to the small state of Cachar, under the protection of England, and to the British town of Sylhet, within 200 miles of Calcutta, where a body of Burmese troops have been collected. The Burmese Government complained, but fruitlessly. The officers and crew of the Burmese ship were cut off on shore by the British authorities of Arracan, and carried off prisoners to the interior. The conquest of Jyntica, a principality dependent on Great Britain, was

planned by the Court of Ava, and frustrated only by the advance of the British forces. Under all these demonstrations of enmity, for which an excuse, explanation, or apology had been vouchsafed, the Governor General does unquestionably seem to have been left with no alternative but a direct appeal to arms.

LA FAYETTE.

Letters from Boston give a minute description of the General's reception in that city. The following is a lively view of the *total ensemble* of the scene. "The enthusiasm expressed by the immense concourse, at the moment of the General's entering Boston, was greater than I have ever witnessed. Some leapt up, clapping their hands in an ecstasy of joy, and others burst into tears. My sensations were such as had never before been experienced. It seemed more like a dream of romance than a reality. From a window we looked down upon the multitude, extending along the road as far as the eye could reach, all intent on expressing their respect and gratitude to a public benefactor. The remembrance of his achievements—of his eminent services—of his devotion to the cause of liberty—and of the vicissitudes of fortune in his eventful life, rushed upon the mind, and gave effect to the burst of enthusiasm and admiration, from a free, enlightened, and grateful people. A higher or a holier compliment was never perhaps paid, to any man in any age."

Several affecting incidents of the day are mentioned in the letter, among which is the following: "As LA FAYETTE passed the house of the late JOHN HANCOCK, the Mayor said to him 'There sits the widow of your deceased friend.' He immediately caught her eye, and in the most enthusiastic manner pressed his hand upon his heart. She burst into tears, and exclaimed 'I have now lived long enough.'"

It is computed that from seventy to an hundred thousand persons witnessed the entry of the General into the City of Boston.

His reception at New London, in the state of Connecticut, and Providence, in the State of Rhode-Island, were attended with gratulations as heartfelt, and incidents as touching, as have occurred any where. The following, at Providence, for instance, deserves to be quoted:

"As those in the rear of the procession descended Christian Hill, the forward view was uncommonly fine. The long procession extending to the bridge, and there apparently lost in an immense sea of heads, and the reflection that the multitude who had assembled, and the impulses which animated them, were all devoted to one man, and that man a private individual, a foreigner, coming among us with a claim upon our gratitude, which the intervention of forty years, instead of diminishing, seemed to have been collecting in one reservoir of feeling, was calculated to excite emotions which it is impossible to describe as to forget."

"On arriving in front of the State House, the General alighted, and was received in a peculiarly interesting manner. The popular avenue leading to the building was lined on each side with nearly two hundred misses arrayed in white, protected by a file of soldiers on each side, and holding in their hands bunches of flowers, which (as the General proceeded up the avenue, supported by the Governor's Aids,) they strewed in his path, at the same time waving their white handkerchiefs."

"On reaching the landing of the stairs, the General turned toward the multitude, and at the same moment, the veteran Captain STEPHEN OLNEY (who served under the General repeatedly, and was the first to force the enemy's works at Yorktown, in which he was seconded, at another point, almost simultaneously by Lafayette) approached the General, who instantly recognized his old companion in arms, and embraced and kissed him in the most earnest and affectionate manner. A thrill went through the whole assembly, and scarcely a dry eye was to be found among the spectators, while the shouts of the multitude, at first suppressed, and then, uttered in a manner tempered by the scene, evinced the deep feeling and proud associations it had excited."

We regret to see that in New Haven the populace took off the horses and dragged General Lafayette in his carriage. This is not the offering it becomes a free People to bestow upon a friend of liberty. It is ill suited to the character of a Republic, and only fit for the slaves of some military despot, who are willing, both figuratively and literally, to wear the yoke. For the honor of the Nation, and, more than all, for the respect due Lafayette, we trust it will not again occur in the progress of such a man through a nation of freemen.

DESCRIPTION OF LA FAYETTE.

The General is now about 67 years old, and must have been blessed with a good constitution to have borne so well his severe and long confinement and the sufferings incident to a change of fortune. His mind appears to have been but little impaired, and retains much of its original vigor and vivacity—his memory is very retentive; he is once familiar, and he enters into the details of the war of our revolution with great accuracy. He is of fine portly figure, about 5 feet 11 inches high, has strong and full features, prominent eye brows, but his fine forehead is somewhat concealed by a wig—his manner is graceful and dignified; and he very soon puts his company perfectly at ease. There is always great kindness in his countenance, which in conversation is brightened by a smile, which carries with it evidence that it proceeds from the heart. He speaks the English language with fluency, and when animated, with eloquence; his pronunciation alone is trying that he is by birth a Frenchman. He is lame, but not so much so as to impede his progress, as he walks tolerably fast, and gets into his carriage without assistance—his dress is that of the plainest citizen. I have never seen him in his uniform, and have understood he does not wear it now—but I cannot describe his countenance, when he is interested in conversation it is then the physiognomy will exclaim, here is the good as well as the great man—here is the virtuous citizen and the gallant soldier. He loves the people of the United States, and well does he deserve their love.

Preparations for the reception of General La Fayette are about to be made in New Castle and Wilmington, Del.

Mount Vernon.—The Alexandria Herald states that the plan, but neat and romantic mansion and sepulchre of our illustrious Washington, will have undergone a thorough repair against the arrival of the "N. A. A. G. G." in the District.

A letter dated at New-York on the 24th inst. from General Brown, who had been appointed one of the Committee of Arrangement for the reception of General LA FAYETTE at the city of Washington, states that the General would be in that city, about the 1st of October next.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Boston to his friend in Washington, dated the 24th of August:

"The General is almost worn out with the labour of undergoing the civilities since his arrival in the country: when repeatedly conduced with on this fatigue, he replied, 'when the heart is glad the body never tires.' He travelled seventy miles yesterday, and did not go to bed before two o'clock last night. The last twenty miles, I am told, was driven in an hour and a half; and Mr. Pollard, the City Marshal, who accompanied him in the barouche and six, says he was asleep the greater part of the way, and while in this state, was unconsciously *hugging from one side to the other*, and touching his hat occasionally."

At a large and respectable meeting of the young men of the Northern Liberties, not attached to any volunteer corps convened agreeably to public notice, at the Commissioners' Hall, north Third street, on Saturday evening, the 28th August, for the purpose of adopting suitable measures for the formation of a procession of escort, to meet the illustrious veteran of the revolution, Gen. La Fayette, on his approach to this city, Mr. John Copple, on his approach to the chair, and John W. Swain and P. B. Granger appointed Secretaries.

After which, Mr. Morton M. Michael rose and addressed the meeting in a very able and appropriate manner, setting forth in a clear and distinct light the most prominent features of the General's character, from the commencement of his military career to the present year; which was received with the most unbounded acclamations of applause.

The following preamble and resolutions were then offered by Mr. M. Michael, and unanimously adopted.

Whereas, Gen. La Fayette, who, in the war of the revolution, forsaking his friends, his country, and his home, embarked his life and fortunes in the cause of American independence; and by his gallant, noble and spirited conduct, eminently contributed to effect the happy issue in which that glorious contest terminated has been pleased to revisit the country that witnessed his youthful achievements; and whereas, the worth and service of illustrious individuals should always be rewarded with gratitude and affection, by those to whom their deeds have been productive of benefit, and especially by young men, who, just commencing the career of life, are about to enjoy the fruits of their labours, without having in any manner shared the dangers they underwent. Therefore

Resolved, That in Gen. La Fayette we recognize and hail with pleasure, the youthful hero of the American revolution, the chosen friend of our immortal Washington the firm and undeviating supporter of the rights of man throughout the Universe.

Resolved, That it be recommended to the young men of the Northern Liberties, in conjunction with those from the city and adjoining districts who may feel disposed to join them, to form a procession of escort, to conduct the general into our city, whenever he shall think proper to favor it with his presence.

Resolved, That a committee of fourteen be appointed to make suitable arrangements for the procession; empowered also to act as Marshals of the day, and to confer with such other committees as they may deem necessary.

In pursuance of the foregoing resolution, the meeting elected the following persons members of the committee, who were authorized to fill any vacancies that might occur in their number.

1st Ward—John Walker, Jacob Schlatter.
2d Ward—Theo. M. Karaher, W. Hart Carr.
3d Ward—John W. Swain, Thos. P. Swain.
4th Ward—John C. Cope, Francis Cope.
5th Ward—Morton M. Michael, Wm. Baker.
6th Ward—James Francis, John Turner.
7th Ward—Wm. M. Kennedy, Wm. Fennemore.

Resolved, That we will adopt the revolutionary cockade and La Fayette badge, on the arrival of the General in our city, and continue to wear them while he remains in Philadelphia.

Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting be presented to the Chairman and Secretaries, for the able manner in which they conducted their proceedings.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in all the daily papers of the city, signed by the Chairman and Secretaries.

JOHN COPE, Chairman.
JOHN W. SWAIN, } Secretaries.
P. B. GRANGER, }

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

Seignior Zeta, ambassador from Spain, has arrived in London.

Gen. San Martin proceeds forthwith to join Gen. Bolivar in Peru.

Mrs. Hannah Moore, it is said, is in a very declining state of health.

The Chamber of Commerce and Manufacturers of Edinburgh has petitioned his Majesty in council to recognize the independence of the new States of South America and Mexico.

The late Baron Wood is supposed to have died worth nearly £300,000, acquired by great industry and labour in his profession.

Madame Catalani has concluded an engagement at Drury lane. She sung three songs per night for six nights, and received from Mr. Elliston £800, or about £44 per song!

The population of France, according to recent exact enquiries, amounts to 30,616,000 inhabitants.

In France, in the year 1819, there were 1721 religious associations containing 11,732 nuns.—The number of sick and infirm whom they succoured was 67,879,—that of the children whom they educated gratuitously 62,612. Last year there were 1886 associations of this kind.

It is announced in the London Journals, that Thomas Moore, the poet, will "set about a Biography of Lord Byron, as soon as he has finished that of Sheridan."

Sir James E. Smith, President of the Linnean Society of London, has published the first two volumes of his English Flora. These two include the first twelve classes of the Linnean system, from Monandria to the end of Icosandria. The whole is written in the English language and arranged according to the Linnean system. The remaining volumes are said to be anxiously expected.

A set pugilistic battle in the neighbourhood of London in July, terminated thus—one of the parties died in consequence of the injuries he had received, in two hours after the contest, the other expired shortly afterwards.

The London papers mention that the immense estates which belonged to the late Duke of Tuscany have devolved to the young Duke of Reichstadt, the son of Napoleon Bonaparte.

A young man named Hurst, of Manchester, recently died there of hydrophobia, having only a few days before suffered a dog to lick a wart on his finger, which he had just cut.

At a recent public sale of a Spanish gentleman's library in London, a single volume, "Cancionero de Johan de Baena," being a collection of small poems in the Spanish language, in manuscript, sold for one hundred and thirty-one pounds sterling.

The total quantity of tobacco seized in Scotland, by the Revenue officers in the two years ending 1st January last, was 69,192 pounds. The King's share of the seizures came to £1,232 and the officers' share to £157. The quantity seized in England in the same period was 414,354 pounds, and in Ireland it was 780,466 pounds; the rewards for seizing which amounted to no less than £144,327.

Mr. Caning has given a splendid dinner to the Foreign Ambassadors in London.

The Courier of the 20th contains the first of a series of papers, the object of which is to induce a formal and unqualified recognition of South American independence.

The same paper contains a detailed account of an exhibition of Ligoty and cruelty, of the most horrid character, which resulted in the murder of a poor child, about three years old, in the presence of its parents, by a fanatic who was attempting miraculously to expel an evil spirit.

A Bayonne paragraph of July 10, says, "on the 4th inst. the Royalist Volunteers of Logrono attacked, in a public place, some old Constitutional Militiamen, and a bloody struggle ensued, in which several of each party were killed and wounded; some Monks carried about the image of Christ, in order to put an end to it. We learn from several towns of Spain, that many persons in easy circumstances continue to emigrate, on account of the continual disorders."

Pope's Manuscript of the translation of the

Willis, is still in existence. It is for the most part written upon the backs of letters, many of which were from distinguished persons and are extremely curious.

The King of Portugal, it is said, has again promised his subjects a written constitution, granting institutions corresponding with the lights of the present age.

The Constitutional states that the Commissioners from Hayti are only two in number, viz. M. Nouennais, a mulatto, and M. Laroze, a black. They went first to Strasburg to confer with M. Esmanagard, who is said to be appointed to negotiate with them; but they have been at Paris since Saturday se'night, whither M. Esmanagard has also repaired.

It is again asserted, positively, in a Paris paper of the 20th, that the Haytian commissioners are actually entertained at a country house not far from Paris, where they are secluded, but treated with the most unwearied attention. What are the intentions of the government is not yet known; but a report has been in circulation that a treaty has been signed, in which the independence of the republic is acknowledged, and the French government are to receive 100,000 francs. Great interest is felt in France on the subject; and the sea ports are said to be extremely desirous that the Haytiens should be recognized.

Mrs. Coult, the widow of the Great London Banker, in June, gave a *petit déjeuner*, "at her beautiful little villa at Highgate," to about seven hundred ladies and gentlemen of the first rank and fashion in Great Britain, including Royal Dukes, &c. The military bands stationed on the lawn consisted of no less than seventy performers of the first ability; the attendants out of livery amounted to forty well dressed persons; three wagon-loads of gold and silver plate were used, and to every servant who came with the guests, a two-shilling ticket was given, to be expended in refreshments for himself—six hundred partook of this liberality.

The Emperor of Russia has conferred orders of knighthood on all the French Marshals and Generals and many other officers employed in the Spanish campaign.

A London paper says, "a lady in high life is now pursued by no less than three Marquises."

The Medical Adviser attributes the death of the king and queen of the Sandwich Islands, to the prevalence of wet weather, and the most atmosphere acting upon their lungs.

The immense estates of the Marquis of Ormond, one of the largest properties in the kingdom are to be sold at auction.

In the neighborhood of Greenwich and Deptford there had appeared within a few weeks a set of fanatics, assuming the name of Bramites, holding forth in the most public thorough-fares, and attracting multitudes of lookers-on.

The Duke of York had issued a general order that the officers of the British army should no longer distribute Bibles, or collect subscriptions for Bible Societies.

A young man in England lately killed his father in consequence of his objecting to a marriage with a young woman to whom he had become attached. He was tried for the murder, and was acquitted, on the ground that the constable who arrested him had induced him by promises, &c. to confess his guilt.

A steam draw, similar to those which have so long been used on the Thames, for removing sand-banks and other obstructions, and thereby improving the navigation of the river, has lately been employed on the Seine, at Paris, with great success. This serviceable invention is about to be generally adopted by the Directors General of bridges and dykes in France.

Championship.—It is doubtful at present who will win the honored title of champion of England. It appears that, in addition to the numerous candidates already known to the fancy, an athletic relative of the late unfortunate Molinex is about to enter the lists.

Chess.—The two games, now playing between the Edinburgh and London Chess Clubs, are proceeding without having arrived at a point which can enable any one to foresee the probable event of either. The interest excited by this match is daily increasing, and considerable bets are said to be depending on the issue.

TURKEY.—The latest date from Constantinople is the 11th of June, at which time that capital did not enjoy a state of perfect tranquility. The people manifest great dissatisfaction with the Captain Pacha, whom they accuse of incapacity. The slowness of his operations excites violent murmurs. The Porte, has taken good care, considering the irritation of the people's minds, not to publish any thing of the partial landings made by the Admiral, in which his troops have been considerably beaten.

WEEKLY COMPENDIUM.

(Compiled for the Saturday Evening Post.)

Counterfeit one dollar notes on the Farmers' Bank of Delaware, are now in circulation in this city. The engraving is badly executed.

The Coroner of Charleston, South Carolina, held an inquest on the body of DAVID AULD, a native of Philadelphia, on the 16th ult. The verdict was, that the deceased came to his death by cutting his throat with a razor in a fit of insanity.

Capt. Collins, of the brig Dove, of Nantucket, arrived at this port, from a whaling voyage of nine months, in the Gulf of Mexico, has brought two Sea Elephants on deck alive.

His excellency Don Jose Maria Salazar, Minister from the Colombian government, arrived in Boston last Wednesday.

The U. S. schr. Terrier captured a small piratical row boat, on the 17th ult. off Key Pedro, with six men—and was in search of more.

The store of Messrs. J. & J. Watson, New-York, was entered on Monday night, by a false key, and a trunk of silk handkerchiefs taken, worth between 8 and 900 dollars.

The Hon. JUAN QUIXER ANAYA, has left the seat of government, and embarked for the eastward.

Citizen GAYARRIE, from the Republic of Hayti, has arrived in Baltimore.

A Boston paper mentions that it was rumoured there that the Minister of France in this country had received orders not to extend any civility to General La Fayette, and adds that the French and English Consuls had not paid their respects to him.

Letters from Mexico mention that Don Pablo Obregon has been appointed Minister from that country to the United States. Gentlemen well acquainted with Mr. Obregon represent him as one of the most interesting young men of that country.

Maracaibo.—One of our last Jamaica papers mentions that four hundred men are constantly employed in constructing a fort at the bar of the Lake of Maracaibo. Draughts of men to serve in the Peruvian army, continued to be made by the authorities.

Accounts from Trinidad to July 14, represent that Island to be in great distress on account of the British Slave Laws. One estate had been advertised at half its former value. An Earthquake was experienced at Trinidad, on the 13th July.

Murder of Mr Crawford of Philadelphia.—Letters received in London from the city of Mexico to the 27th May, mention the execution of two bandits on the 14th of that month, one of whom, named Salazar, acknowledged before his execution, that he was the man who murdered Mr. Crawford.

The Massachusetts Bank, in Boston, one of the most respectable in the state, has agreed to reduce the interest on discounts made by them to five per cent. per annum.

By a late report concerning the primary schools in Boston, it appears that the whole number of these schools is 47, containing 2,633 scholars.—They are all instructed by females and divided into seven districts.

Yellow Fever at New Orleans.—The New Orleans papers inform us that the affairs of Mexico appear unsettled. General Santa Anna, who was sent to quell disturbances at Toluca, had written a letter to the Mexican Secretary of State, by which it appears that he had entirely neglected to execute his commission. He had been elected Governor of Yucatan by the provincial legislature, who had evinced a disposition to become independent of the general government of Mexico. Other intrigues, natural to new unsettled governments, were on foot: But we hope they are but passing clouds, which will eventually be dispersed, and the sun of Mexican freedom assume a permanent lustre.

Yellow Fever at Charleston.—Twenty-nine deaths occurred in the city of Charleston, in the week, ending on the 21st ult. of which were by Yellow Fever. On the 20th of the Board of Health reported four new cases of Yellow Fever—one in King-street, just above Market street, sent to the Poor House, one in Market street, near the Hay, one in French Alley, and one at the corner of East Bay and Pinckney street.

The Charleston Board of Health announced the occurrence of seven new cases of Yellow Fever in occurrence of 25th August—one in Mayzek street, one in the 25th August—one in Pinckney street and Maiden Lane, the corner of East Bay and Pinckney street, one on Gibb's wharf, one in state street, and one in Bedon's Alley.

Expeditious Travelling.—The Mobile Commercial Register gives the following as an instance of rapid travelling from that city to the West and back. A gentleman left Mobile about the 1st of May, in a vessel bound to New-York and returned, in an absence of 62 days, 14 of which were spent in New-York. During this time he made the following tour: landed in Trenton, N. J., thence to Philadelphia, thence via Trenton, N. J., to Cayuga Lake, in the state of New-York, thence to Albany, the Falls of Niagara, and thence to Buffalo, the Falls of Niagara, thence to Lake Erie to Erie, Cleveland, Sandusky, Buffalo, and back to Buffalo, thence to Pittsburgh, and down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers to New Orleans.

Extract of the The Prater, Detroit, Mich. "Two Capt. Goddard, brought to As they Popin, Mr. the beach, On inspect to be a p of collect was comm sons killed Berett. St. Peter's of Lake P place wh Last fall Red River Indians—their two of the Rec requesting as they Col. under the b deemed a ful. Eight this and b thing, I h insolence the Upper The sc by the Co in 1632, by the w were mou the water Two of t probably From one pounds, a The thre fourth six with a

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